

My North Star

by Larry Harris, CEO

*At the temple there is a poem called
“Loss” carved into the stone. It has three
words, but the poet has scratched them
out. You cannot read loss, only feel it.*

Arthur Golden
1956-present

Ancient mariners navigated by the stars. Among the many thousand points of light in their night skies, the North Star was a fixed marker from which they could plot their bearings in uncharted waters. It was essential for safe passage across high seas to distant ports, and remained an ever-present guiding light in the disorienting black nights.

Willow Brook’s own North Star went dark this summer when Frank Chappell died.

Frank was a founding board member who served 45 years until the afternoon of his death last summer. He was president for 13 of those years. In 1975, three years into his tenure, he recruited me. Me! Little old greenhorn me!

The Willow Brook back then was an anemic precursor of today’s grand Willow Brook Christian Home that sits proud among the leftovers of an urbanized forest just north of Columbus. For those first three years, even though he worked full time as a chemist, even though he served as an appointed church elder, and even though he shouldered the responsibilities of family and home, Frank volunteered as the de facto administrator until I reported for duty. He hired staff, refereed their disputes,



S. Frank Chappell, III
1929-2017

Willow Brook would not have survived, its story never to be told, but for the intervention of Frank Chappell.

purchased provisions, haggled with state inspectors, and did whatever else was needed to keep the listing USS Willow Brook from slipping under the waves. All in his “spare time.”

Willow Brook would not have survived, its story never to be told, but for the intervention of Frank Chappell. I would be working somewhere else today, and our residents would be scattered hither and yon under other arrangements, had Frank not risen to the call nearly half a century ago.

To be sure, Willow Brook was on life support when Frank handed it off to me. That it had a pulse at all was

thanks to this man who took it on as his personal mission.

Frank was the invisible guiding hand behind the curtain throughout his broad stretch of service. He was our visionary, the intuitive risk taker, and he was my mentor. He taught me to seize opportunity when it was revealed, to take calculated risks,

to bravely man-up and face the unknowns. He referenced no play book. Willow Brook did not come with an instruction manual. His only guides were wisdom and intuition, an unwavering faith in God, and a burning will to see the ministry flourish.

Over the years, when I would face an especially perplexing situation, I would think, “I need to call Frank.” He always knew what to do, or at least



Betty Chappell
1931-2017

I believed he did. His vision and leadership were essential as Willow Brook grew from that humble little nursing home to the thriving \$100 million institution it became during his time on the board.

At Thanksgiving 2015, Frank and Betty, his bride of 57 years, moved into a residence at Willow Brook Christian Village. The ministry he incubated now enfolded him and his wife. It became their sanctuary, and they lived out their days in that home and the healthcare centers of the campus.

At dawn on a rainy Friday in July last year, my phone rang as I sat at my breakfast table. A call at that hour never brings good news. It was Frank. He asked to see me right away. Didn't say why, and I didn't ask. There was grave urgency in his voice. He was recovering from pneumonia in a nursing home bed and making a good comeback I thought. But...

I raced to him fast as wheels could turn. As I walked into the half-lit room, he went straight to the point: "I think I am dying, Larry, and I want you to preach my funeral."

Oh my. What do you say to that?

His hands and feet had lost feeling, and he could sense the numbness creeping through his arms and legs. He didn't know what was wrong, but it was provoking panic.

His affliction was soon diagnosed indeed as life threatening – Guillain-Barré Syndrome. It starts as Frank described, numbness in hands and feet, followed by a relentless march through the entire body. Muscles become almost totally paralyzed until breathing

shuts down. Without intervention, death is swift.

Frank was placed on a ventilator and he lay flat in a hospital bed for three months. The symptoms subsided and eventually the breathing machine was removed, but the muscles of his legs had degenerated to the point where he could hardly twitch a toe, much less stand and walk.

He was transferred to our Cherith Nursing Center at Willow Brook Christian Village. Our therapists and nursing team members – incarnate angels on this earth for sure – began daily drills and proddings.

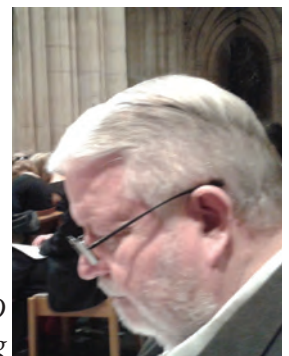
Around Christmas, the work began to show its worth. He could stand with assistance. By spring, he was walking with help, filling his usual seat at the board table, and reengaging in life. Then on a Sunday afternoon in early July, a year after he had summoned me to his nursing home room, it all

came to a crashing halt when he was felled by a stealth heart attack. Our North Star winked out.

Three hours later, his Betty was grievously smitten by a stroke. I believe her heart was just totally

broken. She never regained consciousness, and she died sixteen minutes before the day of her husband's funeral. Their tandem deaths were crushing to those of us who loved them, but in a sense – and don't take me wrong on this – they were beautiful. After 57 years of marriage, I don't think one would have wanted to live without the other, and the other would not have wanted to live without the one.

I said "yes" of course in that gloomy nursing home room. Offering up a eulogy for my North Star was one of the highest honors of my life. Frank Chappell hired me, he believed in me, he inspired me, and he was my mentor for more than four decades. God alone knows how much I miss that man.



Larry Harris, CEO
lharris@willow-brook.org



Ohio Dog

by John Brinkerhoff

resident of Willow Brook at Delaware Run



*No one knows exactly what she is.
A vet guessed part Husky, part Samoyed,
this brindle bear with watchful eyes.*

*She won't lick your hand, but she'll lean on you,
which somehow says more,
like she'll always be there, but not to serve.*

*She has a way of walking,
Head up, alert but unhurried,
as if everything she sees is hers to spend or save.*

*She hates the summer heat.
Her steps slow to a doomsday plod.
Her head hangs.*

*Her heart is in the cold.
Icy air sluicing from the northwest
is new blood in her veins.*

*I watch her closely then, in the seeping chill,
when she turns her muzzle into the wind
and breathes.*

*There are messages for her there,
sounds and scents she seems to know.
She is transfixed.*

*I do not speak or move,
believing it important not to disturb
her communion with the breeze.*

*In the peculiar way of humans,
I pretend to understand each twitch of her ears,
each shift of her brown eyes.*

*I imagine that she interprets for me
these currents so clear they seem to come
from the frozen stars themselves.*

*She tells me that I too
Spend my hours feeling far away
from a home I've never seen.*

Poet John Brinkerhoff's poem "The Cloud Fisher"
took first place honors in the LeadingAge Ohio Art &
Writing competition this year.



Helen Reppart

Resident of Willow Brook Christian Village,
retired Village Manager

To Helen Reppart:

With Thanks

Twenty-five years ago our friend and colleague Helen Reppart introduced Senior Sharing Time as an opportunity for older adults to gather for spiritual rejuvenation. She has developed themes, invited speakers, printed programs, and made hundreds of telephone calls planning a quarter century of Senior Sharing Time programs. She began working with Willow Brook in 1990 and spent 15 years in sales for The Village, retiring in 2005. Now, a decade after her retirement, she has decided to put down the phone.

We are grateful to her for sticking with the project for so long. She has put in more than her share of energy, insight and experience, and this year's event on October 10 was her last.

For all you have done to enhance the spiritual lives of area seniors, Helen, we thank you.

Richard C. Atkinson

Carol A. Roden

Anita Bair

Anonymous

Cheryl Muetzel

James "Jim" Bargar

Mariella C. Dunnan

Corinne D. Esau

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Helen J. Reppart

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Donald & Amy Jo Sommers

Randy & Patricia Spaeth

Charles & Cynthia Swafford

Barbara Ulrich

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Evelyn Winter

Phyllis M. Wood

Warren Breithaupt

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Alma B. Eshelman

Ruth B. Buck

Jon & Lucy Dates

Barbara Exton

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June 26 – September 15, 2017

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Tom & Ruth Patchett

Janeen Willison

Frances Carlton

April L. Jackson

Kristen Marie "Kris" Cashman

Anonymous

Patricia Coffee

Rodger Glenn

Barbara Smith

Dennis & Sue Snavley

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Joseph & Margaret Caudy

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Mary Ellen Cerrato

William & Marianne Burke

Betty Chappell

Delaware Run

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Corinne D. Esau

Max & Patricia Evans

Donna J. French

Larry & Janet Harris

Matthew & Rebecca Hickman

Terry & Karen Irwin

James & Pauline Kossow

Herman & Karen McHan

Corinna Owens

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Helen J. Reppart

Roy & Eunice Rogers

Frank & Nancy Rynearson

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R. LeRoy & Juanita Bumpus

Robert & Marsha Chappell

Sharon Clark

Rosemary Coe

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Donna J. French

D. Paul & Carol Gartman

Alicia Gunter

Michael & Dagny Hallabrin

Larry & Janet Harris

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Terry & Karen Irwin

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Joan Cornell

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James & Pauline Kossow

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Leah Stanley

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Corrine Snyd

Thomas & S

Mary Jane "M

Bruce & Bar

John "Jack" V

Bruce & Bar

Harold Watk

Jim & Marty

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Teresa Watk

George F. We

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Sandra "Earl

Calvin & Do

Bruce & Bar

Max Wildern

Jayne W. Ma

Willow Broo

Deceased Res

Dana & Shir

Gale & Marg

Terrie Winn

Joseph Woltr

Bruce & Bar

Nicki V. Zane

Lisa Mack

Mary L. Zieg

William & R

*This issue of
in memory of
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Brook at Del*

*Gifts
to Honor*

Julie Barde

Larry & C

Phyllis Chu

Teresa J.

Corinne D.

Larry & C

Charlotte A

Birthday

Kay E. M

The Bill Far

Lisa Mor

Smith
e Horman
a M. Wellman
k Spade
Tresa Childs
nley
r Pauline Kossow
Stevenson
r Barbara Reiersen
Snyder-Poulson
& Sara Poulson
e "MJ" Vail
r Barbara Reiersen
ck" Warner
r Barbara Reiersen
Watkins
Marty Croy
Melissa Walter
Watkins
E. Wellman
a M. Wellman
Earlene" Whipple
& Dorothy Knight
r Barbara Reiersen
dermuth
W. MacKay
Brook Christian Village
d Residents & Friends
Shirley Brush
Marge Winnett
Winnett
Voltman
r Barbara Reiersen
Zanetos
ck
Ziegler
& Rosemary Warner

ue of Reflections is
ory of Ruth Kaler,
s a resident of Willow
t Delaware Run.

Gifts made
honor the living

ardelang-Wolf
y & Carol Humes
Chucta
sa J. Ryan
e D. "Davie" Esau
y & Carol Humes
tte A. Gallant's 100th
day
E. Musgrave
l Family
Morris

Meet the Fab Five!



Some of Willow Brook's World War II vets, Delaware Run's Fabulous Five (l to r): Cal Knight, Ken Peterson, Bob Slatzer, Dwight Welsh, and Bill Baskwill (seated).

Five men who live at Delaware Run discovered they have a lot in common: all were born in 1925 and all served in the military during World War II. That was enough for them to dub themselves the Fabulous Five. Each had a different role to play while in the service:

- **Cal Knight** was a turret gunner on a torpedo bomber fighter but was lucky enough to have the war called off before he saw any action.
- **Ken Peterson** was a tailgunner on a B-17 bomber and flew twenty missions in Europe. He says one amazing sortie included more than a thousand planes.
- **Bob Slatzer** was a signalman on a minesweeper in the Aelutian Islands.
- **Dwight Welsh** was a quartermaster in the navigation department of the aircraft carrier USS Belleau Wood in the Pacific.
- **Bill Baskwill** was an aviation radio operator for convoys and patrols out of Brazil, and then was sent to the south Pacific to guard ships from kamikaze suicide planes, aboard PV2 Ventura seaplanes.

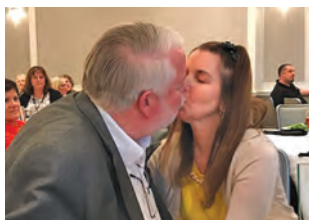
Most remember vividly where they were when the war ended: Cal was on the airbase in Opawaka, Florida. Ken was at a base in England where they were all ordered to spend the celebration cleaning planes to keep them out of trouble. Bob was on the USS Oregon near Newport, Rhode Island. Dwight was on an aircraft carrier 30 miles offshore from Japan in preparation for an invasion that never happened.

Bill, on the other hand, was on liberty in San Diego. "I have never kissed so many girls in my whole life," he laughs.

CEO Harris Honored



Willow Brook CEO Larry Harris received the President's Award from LeadingAge Ohio's president Kathryn Brod (right) at the group's annual meeting in September. Awards committee chair Michele Englebach is at left. The award was to highlight Larry's contributions to not only Willow Brook, but also to both the state and national LeadingAge organization boards of trustees and to the field of aging. "Without the influence of Larry Harris," said Brod, "Ohio's aging services sector would be markedly different. His impact has been profound." Larry's wife, Janet (below), was as proud as we are.



Four Staffers Become New Citizens



Teresa Santos

Nursing Assistant at The Home, from El Salvador

Teresa came to the United States from the civil war in El Salvador in 1987. She and her neighbors were in danger and were afraid of both the government and the guerillas.

She worked with a family the first few years she was here, caring for an invalid wife during the day. The woman had been on a waiting list to enter The Home, and when the opening came the exhausted husband recommended Teresa for a job at Willow Brook.

Teresa met her husband, a Cuban, when he overheard her and a friend conversing in Spanish in the shoe department at the Lazarus department store in Columbus. They married and had a daughter. He died in 2007.

"I just want to say thank-you to the Lord and thank-you to America for opening that door to us," she exclaimed.



Soma Edemokula

Housekeeper at The Village, from west Africa's Sierra Leone

Soma was born in Sierra Leone and was raised by North American missionaries. Following their lead she became a school headmistress.

She and her husband had three children, and then he died, leaving her to raise them on her own.

Once the children were grown and independent she moved to the United States to help her brother care for his family.

His children grew up too. Her nephew showed her the Willow Brook web site and she applied to work in the housekeeping department at Willow Brook Christian Village.

"I'm really happy," she says. "The residents love me and that makes me enjoy what I am doing. I count myself blessed."



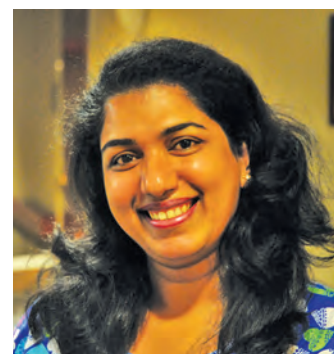
Irene Lohre

Personal Care Attendent at The Home, from The Philippines

Irene's journey is a modern love story. Living in Pagadian City on the Philippine island of Mindano, she met Michael Lohre on a dating website. Returning from a trip to China, Michael made a detour to the Philippines to meet Irene and soon they were married.

She says she loves living in the U.S., and especially enjoys the four seasons we experience here in the north.

And she loves Willow Brook. She first started working at The Home in 2012, and says "This was my first job in America—and I'm still here."



Sonal Wilson, RN

Nurse at The Home, from India

Sonal has always had an adventuresome soul. Curious by nature, she learned Spanish while young in India and became a registered nurse because she knew she could find a job anywhere in the world and she wanted to go abroad.

She moved to Madrid, and while there joined an Indian matrimony website, where she met her husband, a computer engineer at Chase Bank in Columbus. They have a two-year-old son, Joshua.

At Willow Brook since 2013, she loves her work and the people she works with. It is because of them that she plans to stay.

"Being here is a dream come true for me," she says. "We have bought a house and we plan to stay, to live with my family in this wonderful place."

More Accolades

When bad news about a nursing home hits the airwaves we always cringe. Since nobody is perfect, we are aware that as humans any of us could make an error that could cost a life. That is a responsibility we take very seriously.

We thank the Good Lord that but for His grace there we could be. So in our effort to share good news with our readers we are constantly aware that maintaining a healthy humility is in order.

But more and more good news keeps coming our way, and as the the Mac Davis song says, "It's hard to be humble."

A team of federal inspectors made a surprise visit to The Village's Cherith Care Center and spent three days going through *everything*. We fared very well, thank you.



Culinary Services Director John Lindeboom discusses pizza oven techniques with chef Tiffany Gilletly in the Chef's Courtyard, a bequest of benefactor Clifford Fralich.



Dietitian Mary Lou Calpin serves some of the winning entrée to Willow Brook board president Corinna Owens and her husband, José at the Taste of Worthington event.

Conquered the Competition - again!

This past summer, voters at the Taste of Worthington event voted Willow Brook Christian Home's entrée and dessert - both! - as the best of the event, giving us bragging rights once again. In fact, the wall of The Grapevine Grill at The Home is now graced with eleven first-place plaques from the annual event presented by the Worthington Area Chamber of Commerce.



Veterans Carl Moore, Robert McLoughlin (Delaware Run resident), and Cal Kleingartner borrowed the Washington Monument for the "I" in their Ohio while visiting Washington, DC, courtesy of Honor Flight. They and their fellow travelers returned from the trip with the memories of a lifetime.

Reflections

Willow Brook Christian Communities
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Delaware, Ohio 43015

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*Lifetime
Our lives unfold — in brief,
Bright flames of seasons' colors,
Enduring love through the years.*

*by Marilyn Schroeder
Delaware Run resident*

*Delaware Run residents Genevieve and Ken Peterson
pause among the burning bushes to enjoy an autumn day.*